

Robert Rainwater, who is serving a twelve-months sentence in jail at Clarksville, for larceny, and Miss Virgie Walker, a young lady of Montgomery county, were married at that county jail in that place last Wednesday afternoon, by Squire S. A. Caldwell.

WHITE'S BAR.

BY M. QUAD.

One day when Zeb White, the possum hunter of Tennessee, and I were fishing for brook trout in a mountain stream and had become weary of our poor luck, he laid aside his rod and told me this story:

"One spring about five years ago," he began, "an ornery black haw got into my garden and rooted up about half the truck bed I knowed he was that. That haw was as big as a yearlin' calf and as destructive as a cyclone. He'd cum back there the brush fence as fast as I could drive him out, and at the end of a week he'd cleaned out my patch."

"As he was a stray haw, why didn't you give him a dose of bird-shot?" I asked.

"That's just what I did to—gin him ten at a clus range, but he never even jumped when that shot struck him. Reason, his hide must have been an inch thick. I was goin' to try bullets on him, but he suddenly disappeared. I went to work and planted my truck again, and had just got the last of it into the air when up walks that blamed haw as cool as January. I run fur my rifle and fired at him and keeled him over, but arter a minute he got up and snatched off with his tail a-twirlin' as if he had been tickled. As he didn't cum back fur a couple of hours I reckoned he was done fur good. That evenin', however, just as we was goin' to bed, I heard somethin' pushing through the fence, and I see to the old woman, see I:

"Durn my buttons, if that 'ere haw hain't cum back to root up our truck-patch again!"

"Shore it's a haw?" she asks, as she listened a bit.

"Of co'se I'm shore! What other varmint could be round yere 'cept a haw?"

"If that's a haw then he's got claws on his feet, fur I kin bar 'em click!"

"Claws! Click! Ole woman, you must've turned fool! It's that ornery, low-down black haw, and I'll hev his life if I hev to pursue him all night!"

"Zeb White," she sees, as I gits down my rifle and begins to load it, "don't yo' go and make no mistake about that haw!"

"As how?" she I.

"As to bein' a haw at all! Jest put yo' nose to this crack in the door and tell me what you smell!"

"I smell a pesky haw!"

"Then yo' smeller has gone back on you! I smell bar!"

"You ar a fool!"

"And yo'll be a bigger one if yo' don't look out! Can't yo' bar 'im growl?"

"That's the grunt of a haw!"

"I say it's a bar!"

"That was be'n around the place at that time, shore 'nuff," continued Zeb, "but I was so powerfully upset about that haw that I couldn't think of bar. The ole woman saw that I was sot and determined, and so she stood aside and let me open the door and pass out. It was a dark night, and it might 'a' been two minits befo' I could see anythin'. Blime-by I see that pesky haw over among the bean-hills, and I drewed up my gun and fired him!"

"Did yo' kill him, Zeb?" asked the ole woman as she cums to the doah.

"Reckon I did, as I heard sun-thin' drop."

"That's bar!"

"Over by the bean-hills."

"I was crasin' my neck and peerin' throw the darkness when all of a sudden sunthin' ris up above the fence and dropped down on my side, and the next minit I was tickled."

"By a bear?"

"That's just what it was, mah, and a mighty big one at that. Mebbe it hit him when I fired, but I dunno. I made him mad, however, and he was full of himself as he let me out. Yo' kin reckon I had plenty to think of in fightin' fur my life, and yet I remember what passed between me and the ole woman."

"What's got at yo', Zeb?" she asks as she heard the racket.

"A pesky bar!" see I.

"Yo' mean a haw?"

"No; it's a bar, and durn my hide if he hain't chawin' me up."

"He can't be. It's a haw, and he's jest playin' with yo'! It's a pesky chawin' varmint in the doah and I'll go in. When yo' git tired of playin' with that yere haw yo' kin cum in and go to bed!"

"And all this time you were fightin' with the bear!" I asked.

"I was, fur shore. When he cum as me, I clubbed my rifle and knocked him over, but he was up in a flash and at me again. He clawed me and he bit me, and I must have rolled him over seven or eight times. I broke the stock of my rifle and then used the bar," and it was anybody's fight fur ten minits. When all my clothes were clawed to rags, and I was all over bites and scratches and blood, I got in a blow which made that ole bar see stars, and he turned tail and scattered off. I hain't gwine to no braggin', but I walloped

that varmint in a stand-up fight and hev a right to feel proud of it."

"And were you badly hurt?"

"It was a matter of three or fo' weeks in bed. The intensions of that bar war' all right, but I was too hefty fur him."

"And what did Mrs. White say when you went into the house?"

"That hurt me most as much as the clawin'," he replied. "It was all I could do to reach the doah, and when I opened it, she looked up and see:

"Got through playin' with that haw, Zeb?"

"I've been clawed by a bar!" see I as I drops down on the floor."

"Can't be! Yo' smelt haw befo' yo' went out, and yo' shot at a haw arter you got out. Purty playfu, wain't he?"

"Mebbe she said a heap on top of that, as I fainted away and didn't cum around fur two hours. That's the way with a woman, yo' know. Let her git the advantage of a man and she don't want to let up. It was nigh three months befo' I got over that clawin' and time about every two hours of that time the old woman would smile like a possum in the sun and softly say:

"Feedin' easier, Zeb? Wall, yo'll soon be up and hev a chance to playin' round-a-rogy with another black haw!"—Detroit Free Press.

Not Fond of New Things.

Samuel Spring, chaplain to the expedition against Quebec under Benedict Arnold, was one of the most gallant and eloquent of the revolutionary preachers. He was pastor of a church in Newburyport for 40 years. He did not like new ways and when a church near by purchased an organ he referred contemptuously to "our neighbor's box of whistles."

"Once some unwise parishioners conspired to modernize the music a little in their own church. They did not tell the pastor; only, when it came time for the first hymn, the tentative, gentle, prolonged opening wail of a bass viol was heard."

Back went Dr. Spring's spectacles; up came his tall form to its utmost height, his black eyes gazed fiercely toward the choir seats, and he said, quietly, but in a voice not to be disobeyed:

"Remove that fiddle from the house of God!"

There was no further innovation while Samuel Spring commanded the parish of the North church.—Youth's Companion.

GLASS DRESSES AND CURTAINS.

Cloth That is Fine Enough to Be Worn Next to the Skin.

Articles of dress are now being extensively made of glass. A Venetian manufacturer is turning out bonnets by the thousand, the glass cloth of which they are composed having the same shimmer and brilliancy of color as silk, and what is a great advantage, being impervious to water. In Russia there has for a long time existed a glass fabric, although soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, is of so durable a nature that it never wears out. This is probably what has given rise to the surprising firm idea of producing spun-glass dress lengths.

The Muscovite stuff is thrown into the fire when dirty, like asbestos, by which it is made absolutely clean again; but the spun-glass silk is simply brushed with a hard brush and soap water, and is none the worse for being either staled or soiled. The material is to be had in white, green, lilac, pink and yellow, and bids fair to become very fashionable for evening dresses. An Austrian is the inventor of this novel fabric, which is rather costly. Tabloethos, napkins and window curtains are also made of it, and has also been discovered that glass is capable of being turned into a fine cloth, which can be worn next to the skin without the slightest discomfort.—Chambers' Journal.

Make Yourself Strong.

If you would resist pneumonia, bronchitis, typhoid fever, and persistent coughs and colds. These ills attack the weak and run down system. They can find no foothold where the blood is kept pure, rich and full of vitality, the appetite good, and digestion vigorous, with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the one true blood purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache.

Ovenbros is up to date with an organ on wheels pulled by a piebald horse.

A Prominent Minister.

Rev. T. R. Kendall, pastor Grace M. E. Church, Atlanta, Ga., says: "I take pleasure in testifying to the great virtue of King's Royal Germetuer in relieving night sweats resulting from the debilitating influence of malaria. In a severe ordeal through which my family passed from this oppressive affliction, I found Germetuer to be an immediate specific. Have also found it a speedy tonic to the digestion, and a most grateful and refreshing remedy in the least season when suffering from relaxation and general debility." New package, large bottle, 108 doses, \$1. For sale by R. C. Hardwick.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know

that Paragon, Beismann's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called soothing Syrup, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without letting them poison?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that it is of Benign nature and is palatable with every baby?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The schedule printed below is a comprehensive guide to the best and most desirable route to Atlanta from the North and Northwest, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Terre Haute and Evansville.

False day coaches and Pullman sleeping cars are attached to all trains shown in this schedule.

Extremely low rates have been made to Atlanta and return, via the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway. All trains run solid between Nashville and Atlanta, except train in last column. The train in third column, which leaves Cincinnati at 4:30 p.m., runs solid to Atlanta.

This is the route of the famous "Dixie Flyer," through 'all the year round' sleeping car line between Nashville, Tenn., and Jacksonville, Florida.

For further information, address BRAD P. HILL, Northern Passenger Agent, 238 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.; R. C. Cowan, Western Passenger Agent, 405 Ky. Exchange Building, St. Louis, Mo.; or D. J. McLINLEY, Eastern Passenger Agent, 69 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, O.

W. L. DANLEY, G. P. & T. A., Nashville, Tenn.

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THE TRUNK LINE TO THE NORTH

ROUTE OF THE CHICAGO AND NASHVILLE LIMITED

THE ONLY Pullman Vestibuled Train Service with Vestibule and Private Day Coaches, Sleeping and Dining Cars

FROM THE SOUTH

Terre Haute, Indianapolis, CHICAGO, Milwaukee, St. Paul, AND ALL PORTS IN THE NORTH AND NORTHWEST.

S. L. HENDERSON, Ticket Agent, Chattanooga, Tenn.

F. J. FLETCHER, Ticket Agent, Evansville, Ind.

H. R. GIBSON, Ticket Agent, Evansville, Ind.

O. Y. TIME TABLE

TRAINS GOING SOUTH

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DO YOU SUFFER

From indigestion, sour stomach, headache, dizziness, distress after eating?

Or is it a case of lost appetite, lack of energy, weakness, debility?

Are you nervous, restless, sleepless, worn out to body and in mind?

Do you have pains in the head, back, chest, shoulders, chest?

Do you feel with malice, callousness, coated tongue, a bit watery, chills and fever?

Any of these troubles are yours, then you need DR. KING'S

ROYAL GERMETUER

In the gentlest and happiest way, and with the greatest certainty known to medical science, GERMETUER removes from the system the symptoms named above, giving strength in place of weakness, joy in place of gloom, and health in place of sickness.

There is no other remedy like it, and none that can do its work. And then it is a real pleasure to take it. Little children take it with delight, and it cures like magic. \$1.00; 6 for \$5.00. All druggists.

GERMETUER WILL CURE YOU.

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ough Trunk Line

between the cities of

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Macon, Jacksonville, St. Louis,

and the cities of

Memphis, Mobile and New Orleans.

WITHOUT CHANGE!

AND SPEED UNPAID.

Alman Palace Cars

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Macon, Jacksonville

and points

in Florida.

Connections are made at Guthrie and Nashville for all points

North, East, South and West.

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this road will receive special low rates.

See agents of this company for rates.

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REXDALE HERD of Berkshire hogs and

Southdown sheep. Pigs of both breeds now

ready for delivery; registered or eligible to

register.

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FOR 20 YEARS

Has had all WORM REMEDIES

EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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